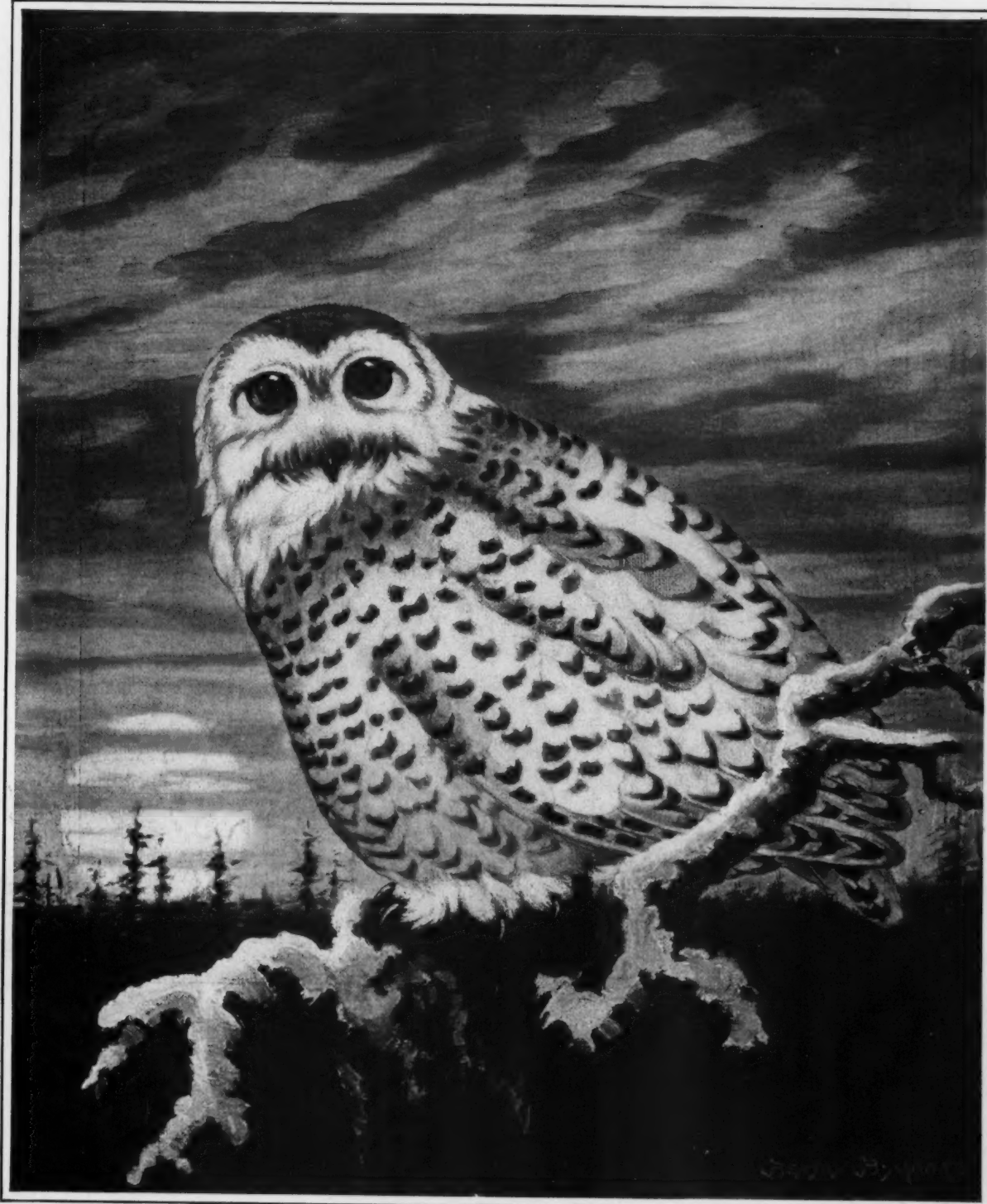


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
January 1928 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



The Great Snowy Owl



ARTHUR WILLIAM DUNN
1868 - 1927

Your Friend, Mr. Dunn

TEN million children and young people in the United States and around the world lost a friend when Arthur W. Dunn died on November 15. Never a day, seldom an hour, passed that he was not thinking of these members of the Junior Red Cross in this country and abroad and planning how he could help them to help each other. Even up to the last hours of his useful life he was busy with such plans. For one thing, he saw how contributions from your National Children's Fund could do good in many places and he wanted very much to have American Juniors take part in helping their comrades in other lands. So on that last night, after he had spent a pleasant evening entertaining close friends in his delightful and happy home, he sat down at his typewriter and wrote a letter to all the Junior Red Cross chairmen about the National Children's Fund.

Another part of the Junior program that was very very close to Mr. Dunn's heart was the foreign correspondence. He saw how much it could mean in the years to come if the children of this country were to learn through the exchange of correspondence to know more of the children of other countries. There was always before his mind the vision of what it would mean to the world to have the young citizens of America working with the young citizens of other countries in acts of service and in understanding of each other. These are the ideas that he built into the Junior Red Cross and these are the ideas that you will carry on.

Those of you who met Mr. Dunn know how charming and lovable he was. It was indeed a wonderful experience to work with such a man. He was always so kind, so fair and so courteous. It meant a great deal, too, to feel so proud of your chief and to have so much confidence in his judgment. Before he became National Director of the American Junior Red Cross Mr. Dunn had won a name for himself as an educator in Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Philadelphia and New York City. During the World War he was connected with the United States Bureau of Education and acted as special adviser to the United States in the education of its enlisted men. He was the author of two well-known and widely used text books on civics.

In his position at the head of your Junior Red Cross Mr. Dunn became an international as well as a national figure. He visited South America and helped start the Junior Red Cross in that continent. He did a great deal to start the movement in Europe and he was an out-

standing person at the big meeting of educators from all over the world at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1925.

The telegrams and letters from all parts of the country show how highly your chief was regarded.

Henry Noble MacCracken, President of Vassar College, wrote:

"With all his professional aptitude Mr. Dunn possessed also a fund of very warm, tender sympathy for children and the power of winning and making personal friends wherever he went. To these qualities of mind and heart is chiefly owing the respect, the admiration and cooperation evinced all over the world for the American branch of the Junior Red Cross.

"Every step that Mr. Dunn has taken has won my sincerest regard and I feel that I have lost a colleague whose work can never be replaced, a real friend whose life has been an inspiration."

James N. Rule, of the Pennsylvania Department of Education, said:

"In the passing of Arthur W. Dunn the Junior Red Cross has lost an able leader of broad and constructive vision. His loss will be keenly felt not only in Junior Red Cross circles, but among school men and women everywhere."

John W. Studebaker, Superintendent of Schools in Des Moines, Iowa, said:

"Arthur Dunn was one of the nation's most devoted and ingenious leaders. In all that he did he exemplified magnanimously the full meaning of the world-famous motto of his organization, 'I Serve.' Better Americans, happy childhood, and the ultimate peace of all nations, were the causes for which he gave his life. Surely no man could do more."



Those of you who have met Mr. Dunn know how charming and lovable he was



We penetrated farther and one day To-tá-look announced that we had reached the mountain sheep country

Pooto, the Pup

Olaus J. Murie

Illustrations by the Author

JUST north of the Arctic Circle, near the Endicott Mountains of Alaska, is a little log cabin hidden away in the spruce forest. This is the home of To-tá-look and his family, Eskimos who had long ago come down from the Arctic to live in the shelter of the forest. Here I first saw Pooto, the malemute, when he was just a pup. I reached To-tá-look's cabin in mid-winter, during a cold snap when the thermometer registered more than sixty degrees below zero. We remained in the shelter of the cabin those days and our dogs lay curled up in the snow to keep warm, with their noses tucked away in their tails. Day after day we waited for the cold to break.

One day I heard whiney sounds coming from a mound of snow beside the cabin.

"Puppies," said To-tá-look, who was with me, "four of them." I looked into the entrance of a snow-covered brush shelter.

"See that big fellow?" said To-tá-look. "That's Pooto. Fine dog some day."

We left the puppies snuggled against their warm mother in the little hut and returned to our own warm cabin. But I wondered about these pups. We were all going into the mountains pretty soon to

hunt mountain sheep. To-tá-look had five children to take along. What would he do with the pups?

The cold snap broke and the sun, peeping over the spruce trees far in the south at noon seemed a little more cheery now. We all became very busy preparing for our trip, repairing clothing and harnesses, and putting up food supplies. I even had to make a trip thirty miles to the south to buy more supplies from a trader.

All this took many days. In the meantime Pooto and his brothers were growing. At first they snuggled and squirmed all over their mother in the shelter of their hut. They were big enough to wobble out to the door of the shelter and blink at the shiny white world, which they did not understand and for which they did not yet care very much.

A little later they ventured out in the snow, were soon making little excursions from their hut, and then learned to play with the Eskimo children.

The morning of departure came. The two youngest children were bundled in furs and lashed on top of the load. The other three ran along any way they pleased. What about the puppies? To-tá-look put their mother in harness and the

Developing Calendar Activities for January

References for Decennial Programs

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS:

September, 1927: "Are You Ten Years Old?" *Teacher's Guide*: "We Grow Reminiscent," "1917-1918—1927-1928."

October, 1927: "Keep It Going," *Teacher's Guide*: "Citizenship."

November, 1927: "Everybody's Flag" (see suggestion for dramatization in *Teacher's Guide*); "The Library for Everybody's House at Liévin."

December, 1927: "That Blood Red Symbol," "Juniors Attend the National Convention," "Danilo's Wealth." *Teacher's Guide*: "Developing Calendar Activities."

HIGH SCHOOL SERVICE:

September, 1927: "Ten Years of the Junior Red Cross," "No Theory, No Artificial Thing," "Planning for the Year."

October, 1927: "Give Us Something to Do," "Let Youth Help Shape the World," "Our National Children's Fund."

November, 1927: "High School Delegates Make Red Cross History," "That Blood Red Symbol," "International School Correspondence."

December, 1927: "Masters of Their Own Fate," "A Letter from the Polish Mountains," "Life in a Russian Refugee College," "Two Impressions of the Red Cross Convention."

CALENDAR:

Tabloid facts and statistics on each page; suggested activities.

RED CROSS COURIER:

Special issue, October 1, 1927.

Saving as Well as Earning Money

THE following report is from Atlanta, Georgia, where the schools pay special attention to thrift activities in January.

Juniors in one school made a list of "Ways of Saving."

Thrift in other Atlanta schools included: saving soap wrappers to exchange for cooking utensils, making doll furniture from cigar boxes for a children's ward, making comfort pillows from scraps of cretonne, remodeling old flower baskets for hospitals, making quilts from scraps, making vases from cans, bottles and jelly jars, repairing and dressing old dolls as gifts for the Day Nursery, making handkerchiefs and sewing bags from scraps of silk, saving and selling tinfoil, making candy containers from drinking cups and crepe paper left over from Junior Red Cross summer school.

A Runner-Up—Siam

THE Grade III syllabus of the Junior Red Cross in Siam provides that a member of that Grade shall learn or perform certain things under the four general headings of Knowledge, Nursing, Home Duty and Service.

Under Knowledge a Junior must learn:

1. To understand twelve rules of health and to act accordingly.
2. To know simple hygiene of food, water and fresh air.

3. To know how to prevent common infectious diseases, such as plague, cholera, malaria, smallpox, and skin diseases.
4. To read books on good citizenship and religion.
5. To understand the fundamental principles of thrift.

"There are twenty points under the heading of Service, and sixteen of these must be performed not less than 100 times. Juniors keep personal record sheets and are examined at the end of the year upon the points of the syllabus fulfilled by them. The examiners are requested to sign the record sheet of each member who successfully passes the examination.

"A ten months' statistical report compiled from the record sheets of 1,292 Grade III Juniors (in 28 school groups) shows:

Service Performed	How Many Times
Attending to the sick at home	1,220
Befriending shy and backward children	424
Taking care of little children	912
Providing mid-day meals for needy children	589
Showing kindness to other children	1,320
Helping to keep school clean	4,258
Urging the lazy to be industrious	407
Encouraging others to read JRC magazine and explaining its aims	197
Decorating school with flowers and plants	240
Caring for plants and trees in school grounds and at home	1,260
Helping in propaganda work	223
Taking part in health procession	7
Providing pure water for people and animals	634
Protecting public property	179
Assisting school medical officer	537
Assisting in the work of health centres	—
Removing objects likely to cause accidents	1,835
Saving life of animals (when not dangerous to saver)	529
Helping suffering children of other nations	191
Acquiring general knowledge of district in order to direct others	583

—Bulletin League of Red Cross Societies

In Smaller Schools

A RED CROSS field representative, visiting nine rural schools near Guilford, Maine, found the children of all "working to earn their pins, money all collected for the magazine, and waiting for the visitor's talk on Junior Red Cross. All but one took a Christmas box to fill for the insular possessions, one school took two, and a day afterwards, another with an enrollment of twenty-five phoned for fourteen more boxes." Such a record deserves to be honored.

A Message Instead of Scolding

AN interesting experience reported by a Junior Red Cross worker was that of visiting a remote rural school whose pupils had particularly drab, barren lives. On her way to the school, the superintendent told her that the pupils, who were "very hard to discipline, were to have a lecture by the superintendent on behavior." The worker tried to bring them an inspirational message and reported that "it was most pitiful to see them absorb it wide-eyed. The lecture wasn't forthcoming at all, and afterwards the superintendent said: 'I didn't have the heart to scold them after you had lifted them up above the sordid dreariness of their lives through the message of Junior Red Cross.'"—A wise superintendent! May the message prove a more fundamental influence than most scoldings are!

Fitness for Service for January--Healthy Minds

Things That Help Minds Grow Healthier

EXPERIENCE of beauty is enriched by sharing it; perception of beauty is sharpened by the purpose to share; one's own expression of beauty becomes more worthwhile, and hence more finely wrought, when it is to be shared. If those with whom the happiness is shared are in particular need of it, the by-products of keener perception, of finer artistry and of enriched experience are increased. Everyday illustrations from our work are the greeting cards, the hand-made gifts, the toys, the garments for friends in hospitals or for sufferers from disasters, and the portfolios and other greetings or gifts for children of distant lands. Creating beautiful things for those to whom it will mean much is a strong incentive for excellent workmanship and satisfaction results from the worthwhileness of what is done. The enriched interest, the purposefulness, the resulting happiness are all factors in mental health.

A Feeling of Being Needed

THERE is an awakening to perception of still finer beauty, too. Alice Russell, the delegate from the Curtis High School of New York to the National Red Cross Convention, said in her report to her school: "If I have remembered and digested a small part of all that I experienced at Washington, my knowledge of the good and beautiful things of life has been increased a hundred-fold." Alma Gage, Junior delegate from Dayton, Ohio, wrote in the December HIGH SCHOOL SERVICE: "It wasn't the beautiful memorials and monuments that I saw and it wasn't the historic places which I visited that made me feel as I did. It was something deeper, more impressive and gripping, something that made one have a longing to serve and a feeling that he was being needed, which affected me and, I venture to say, every other delegate."

Superintendent Munro, Selma, Dallas County, Alabama, was recently quoted as saying: "The Junior Red Cross is as near fool proof as it is possible to make an educational organization. Upon investigation I find it to be a character building organization, which it claims to be, and there is no joker in it."

This is high praise and praise imposes responsibility. Are we right in thinking that the Junior Red Cross affords a chance for practical experience in that good life sought by teachers for their pupil-friends? Is it a fact that this practical expression of kindness and of friendliness centers attention on the need of those benefited instead of on the benefactor and also emphasizes the truth that all—helped as well as helpers—have much to give? Is it true that the ideals are broadened to a world inclusiveness, through the sense of working together with fellow members in an organization that is worldwide in scope? And is it the case that this enlarging of view ennobles many small acts, because the total of good accomplished is noble?

Not one of these is a rhetorical question. Over and over in Junior staff meetings and in smaller conferences they have come up for searching discussion. What is finally accomplished depends on the teachers and their use of the opportunities at hand; but to what extent are opportunities made usable, promotive of the teacher's purposes?

A pertinent question is sometimes asked: "How many of these boys and girls *know* that they belong to the Junior Red Cross?"

Knowing They Belong

THE "claim to be a character building organization" is an incidental one, based on a conviction that, skillfully used, the activities involved in a balanced program are fairly sure to produce highly desirable results in character. Adult Red Cross workers have sometimes had the experience of being approached by a boy or a girl who asked: "What do you do that gives you a right to wear your Red Cross pin?" If to such a youngster the emblem appears to be a pledge and a badge of living service, it is because of some teacher's wisdom. A summary written by a pupil of a one-room school at St. Albans, Maine, reveals one teacher's careful development of the concept of service:

"There are several ways in which we may be of service to others. But the things we do for others we should do kindly and not boast of them afterwards. Some of the ways we may be of service to elderly people are to save them as many steps as possible. We may do this by getting things that they need and that are out of reach. We may serve our parents by being obedient and responding quickly when spoken to and telling the truth. We may be of service to our friends by being faithful and reliable. We can be of service at home by doing chores such as making beds, sweeping, dusting, etc. We can be of service at school by helping the teacher and learning our lessons. When on the school grounds playing games, we can play fair and not be quarrelsome. We may be of service to ourselves by being of service to others and keeping clean, neat and healthy."

—MARGARET BUKER, *pupil* (IRENE LIBBY, *teacher*.)

Service notebooks have been a popular device for developing thoughtfulness and alertness in finding opportunities and for estimating one's accomplishments. Miss Douglas Hilts, Superintendent of Gooding County, Idaho, is having each of her schools compile a service book for the library to show how the children earn this "right to wear the Red Cross button," and the comparison among schools, to take place at her county rally next spring, should prove stimulating and broadening.

The subjective analysis that is an intelligent setting of goals, and the objective measurement that is an intelligent check on accomplishment may be brought to balance in altruistic ideals that are expressed in social conduct. Can the ideals be realized with no planned guidance and no conscious exercise?

One answer is found by thinking personally of those aims that all of us hold precious and stable. Sometimes they came to us from seeing the "wrong," the selfish or ugly way and its fruit; sometimes from admiration and emulation of the selfless act. But always some influence was there to set the "right" in juxtaposition to the "wrong"; to show it to us as happy and beautiful that we should wilfully strive for it.

How Far Have We Come?

HOW far have you come in ten years?" one educator asked recently. To what extent does Junior Red Cross help you to help pupils develop the ideals of "Friendship," at home and "Around the World," of "Fitness for Service"? We shall welcome your estimate and your answer. We are not afraid to be measured and we are humble enough to believe that we may grow by the result.

He Remains Real

In Memory, Arthur W. Dunn

National Director, American Junior Red Cross

Unreal! That we shan't look up any more
And smile to meet the sympathetic gleams
Of his eyes twinkling at us from the door.
He seems more real still than his death seems.

Our tasks that bear his courteous request,
—Unreal that we can not take these, which grew
Out of his mind, to meet his keen, kind test!
He remains real in everything we do.

His virile purpose and unwavering dream,
His steady sense and fine, sane humor: these
Are here. His absence and his silence seem
The revocable unrealities.

The lowered flags, oh, they are all unreal!
But actual are the banners undefiled
That signal triumph for his firm ideal
From friendly heart of child to heart of child.

—RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The January News in the School

Material for Geography and History

Alaska: "Pooto the Pup." This story of an engaging puppy of the North may be supplemented by the following letters from Juniors of Alaska to schoolmates of the United States and foreign countries—

"When the Eskimos want to move they hitch their dogs on the sled made of rawhide and ivory frame. They hitch them like horses and the dogs haul them over the ice.

"Most of the families have a dog team, which they use for joy riding and other games. The dogs can go from four to six miles per hour. Farther North they hitch the dogs in double row but in the South they hitch them single. In the South the snow is soft so they have to go on trails. Therefore they have them single.

"The sleds are made of wood. They do not use any nails when making a sled but use white whale skin and tie it. Some of these sleds are about seven feet long. Some people have two dogs to draw the sled, some four dogs and some three dogs. The harness is made of white whale skin and seal skin. Sometimes the dogs eat the harness when the men go away far. The men do not give the dogs enough to eat, because they will not work hard. Of course they give them plenty to eat while in the village. We use dogs instead of horses, trains, autos, and flying machines. Most of these things we have never seen.

"A good dog is worth from fifty dollars up. The thick-furred, long-legged, Labrador huskies are the most powerful as well as the most valuable. A load of 150 pounds per dog is the usual burden. The 'malemutes' or native Indian dogs are usually half wolf.

"A dog will pull the leather boots off your feet while you sleep and eat them for a midnight meal, and he delights to eat up his seal-hide harness. He has learned to open a wooden box and he will devour canned food, opening any tin can made, with his sharp fangs, quicker than any steel can opener. Once a day only they are fed on raw fish; and while the malemute prefers to pilfer, the husky will go and fish for himself when off duty."

"Shaman, the Medicine Man, Routed"—The intelligent part that your colleagues in Alaska are taking in routing the Medicine Man is evidenced by a letter sent to the Pacific Branch Office of the Junior Red Cross by Miss Alma I. Andersen, teacher in Alaska:

"I wish to tell you how much the children at my school love to belong to the Junior Red Cross. They are willing to give up habits of long standing, such as chewing and smoking tobacco, to be fit for better service, and to promote health of mind and body. It would make your heart glad to see the differences it has made in their looks and appearance, and the hygienic conditions in their homes. We have been working quietly the last three years, and now I feel justified to communicate with you and report success.

"We have certain local rules, such as studiousness, cleanliness, truthfulness. If these rules are broken the culprit is voted 'out' by the other members. I have seen some of the offenders crying as if their hearts would break, but it always helps and as soon as they mend their ways they are taken back. The children decide on subscribing to the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for the school, find out if anyone has broken the rules, and what has been done in the line of service. Nearly all the children are at the fish camps at present, but they always come in for the week-ends."

"Letters from Point Hope"—In talking with your pupils about the editorial "word of warning" will you

not explain that the letters in the News and the *Teacher's Guide* are quoted in order that all schools may enjoy some of the specially "precious" ones, which otherwise would profit only the schools receiving them? If all enrolled American classes decided to write to some school whose letter is printed, a single school abroad might receive 150,000 portfolios! The foreign school would be overwhelmed and unable to answer. Other foreign schools would receive none. Only careful planning about placement and constant oversight keep the messages going back and forth with a degree of regularity and promptness.

The list printed in ARC 621 is a general guide to the countries open for correspondence with our own. In several of the European countries, however, no new elementary school correspondence can be placed this year. Established pairings may be continued as usual. This is the case with Belgium and Holland. Switzerland can not take any new correspondence with the first five grades. Pupils will understand why this should be the case when they remember how very small these countries are, compared with our own. And, of course, the foreign schools wish to correspond with other countries besides our own.

Australia: "Owls Sent on a Mission."

Porto Rico: "My Dear Native Island."

Siam: "The Breakfast Dole."

Japan: "The Poem."

You will be glad to know that the Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston, has announced that the school edition of Miss Upjohn's book, *Friends in Strange Garments*, is now ready. Last spring the answers to a questionnaire printed in the *Teacher's Guide* showed that Miss Upjohn's stories were popular with every grade from the second through the eighth. Before this collection was printed in book form, one of the stories included in it, "On the Road to Arcadia," was read by classes in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth grades of the Lincoln School of Teacher's College and the pupils were asked questions to test their comprehension and enjoyment of the story. There were many things that were liked about the story, but the most popular point with the members of all grades was the manner in which the little hero, Jaroslav, had his problem solved by the kind stranger. One third grader expressed it: "He got the cow in such a nice way."

About Eating

"What Does a Red Cross Nutritionist Do" and "Chunky's Essence" are of interest in the study of Nutrition. If the *Chicago School Journal* for October, 1927, is available, you will enjoy the stenographic report of two lessons on diet. The title is: "Teaching Health in the First Grade."

little ones were left to follow the best way they could! A jolly expedition this! The children were frolicking joyously, exploring along the river banks, rolling in the snow, laughing and shouting in Eskimo. Later in the day they were more quiet and often caught a ride on their father's sled. At camping time, in the evening of the short Arctic day, they all scurried about gathering spruce boughs for the floor of the tent and a brush shelter was made for the pups.

And so the days went by, the puppies toddling along bravely, the three older children romping and chattering, while their parents guided the big loaded sled. I came behind with my team. Sometimes one of the pups would lag behind his outfit and become entangled with my dogs. Each of them poked his nose at the little fellow and sniffed him over, but the law of dogdom is never to fight or harm a puppy, so no injury came to the young straggler. Sometimes two of my quarter-breed wolves nearly forgot this ancient law and seemed ready to snap up the roly-poly bundle of fur. Once or twice the team speeded up and the little fellow would roll under the sled, but he escaped the runners and, aside from a few yelps and a rolling in the snow, came out unhurt.

One day To-tá-look followed some tracks into the woods and shot a moose. There was great rejoicing, for this meant food and clothing for the Eskimos. It also gave a few days' rest to the youngsters, while the meat was being cut up and much of it stored in a safe place for the return journey.

Another time we camped for several days on the shore of a frozen lake. This again was playtime for the little ones, and here Pooto got his first harness. "Why not play dogteam?" thought the children, and they promptly found some heavy cord in the outfit and made little harnesses, after the plan of those which their father used. The puppies struggled and rolled in the snow and whimpered when the harness was put on, not knowing what it was all about. Soon each one was harnessed. But then, what about

a sled? Oh yes, a snowshoe would be just the thing! The two older children had each a pair of small snowshoes, turned up at the toe. One of these would do very well. All four pups were hitched to one snowshoe. Then the trouble began. The little fellows didn't know what this was for and started off in four different directions. Much laughter and shouting followed, and a willow switch was used. The pups yelped and whined, made funny little

grunts as they tried to do something and always did the wrong thing. Their traces became tangled and all rolled down a steep snow drift, snowshoe and all. Angiak, the oldest boy, struggled and shouted, and you would have thought the children's lives depended on getting their little team in order. Pooto looked about with his pale blue eyes and wrinkled his little nose, trying to understand it all. He decided that he was badly mistreated. But the training went on.

We penetrated farther into the mountains and one day To-tá-look announced that we had reached the mountain sheep

country. No more play now. The children were cautioned to be quiet and the pups were kept in a shelter, day after day, while we hunted in the snowy mountains looming over us. Several weeks had gone by and food was becoming scarce. This was a tedious time for the youngsters, who wanted to play.

Then, when we had become discouraged, we found the sheep and there was enough and to spare for all. It took us several days to prepare the skins for a great museum far south in the States, and To-tá-look was busy taking care of the meat, but everyone was carefree and happy. The hunt was over and the children could play to their hearts' content. Yet there were days when the north wind swept down the white valley from the Arctic and we were all glad to huddle in the shelter of our tents.

Pooto had by this time developed into a little veteran, for he knew how to pull and no doubt



Pooto, a sturdy fellow with bushy head



Between the big sled tracks and among the prints of the great malemute's feet were little footprints and a tiny, winding double line in the snow—Pooto and his moose jaw

considered himself a real sled dog. At least he had become accustomed to his harness and knew enough to run ahead when he was hooked up to his snowshoe. It is true, he had no definite idea where to go and merely went ahead in whichever direction he was pointed, but that suited his playmates.

In this way the young dogs and their youthful masters learned in their play day by day the things which are necessary for life in the Arctic. When Angiak should grow up and take the trail for himself, he would have had several years of play experience to help him. And when Pooto should first be harnessed in a team of full-grown malemutes, he also would have had experience dating back to the time the little snowshoe was his sled.

When our sleds were once more loaded for the trail and our teams headed southward, the puppies

had gained in strength and tumbled along the trail as before, but now keeping up easily.

But Pooto, largest of them all, a sturdy fellow with bushy head, had won distinction. He was now in harness. Angiak had saved the lower jaw of the moose and discovered that it made a fine little sled, with two smooth runners. Pooto marched down the trail behind the big sled, and Angiak was his driver. Day after day we traveled into the south, gradually leaving the mountains behind, onward toward the little cabin in the spruce woods by the river. The wolverine, sniffing about our trail, might have seen between the big sled tracks and among the prints of the great malemutes' feet, little footprints and a tiny, winding double line in the snow—Pooto and his moose jaw!

Owls on a Relief Mission

WE are all quite used to the idea of men and women leaving home to go "on a mission" to help others in time of trouble; but it seems strange to think that these serious and solemn-looking owls should also have important work to do in foreign lands. A large party of them has set out on a mission to Australia. The magazine, *Our Dumb Animals*, tells how they happened to be sent:



Courtesy the U. S. Biological Survey

Barn owls are wonderful rat and mouse catchers

"Lord Howe Island, near the mainland of Australia, has become so overrun with rats and mice that the island food supply is endangered. The situation has grown so serious that the inhabitants appealed to the Australian Government for help to fight the ever-increasing rat-and-mouse army; so the authorities arranged to import rat-catchers from America. The barn owl was selected for the job, for it feeds almost exclusively on rats, mice, gophers, and other ground creatures generally considered pests. So a number of barn owls were collected at San Diego, California, to be sent to the pest-infected island."

Bird men say that the barn owl, which is found all over temperate North America and breeds especially well in California, is one of the greatest friends of the farmer. Without it, many would have a hard fight to save

their crops from the rats and mice. Moreover, people in the cities would suffer, too, for prices of farm produce would go up as it grew scarcer. And you know what had happened to Hamelin when the Pied Piper came.

An experiment made by Lord Lilford, a British ornithologist, will give you an idea of what good workers these owls are. He fed a half-grown barn owl eight mice, and the owl gobbled down each one greedily. The tail of the ninth one did stick out of its beak for awhile, but at the end of three hours it took four more mice. Lord Lilford reported that he had seen a pair of barn owls bring food to their nestlings seventeen times in half an hour. Since these owls live almost entirely on mice and rats, you can figure out for yourself how many rodents they make away with in a year. You can see, too, why barn owls should not be killed.

Furthermore, in countries visited by the terrible bubonic plague, owls can be health agents, too; for, as you know, the plague is carried from one person to another by the bite of fleas that live on rats. If the rats are killed, the fleas are out of a living.

THE owl on the cover is the great snowy owl, which lives around the Arctic Circle. It does not like to leave its cold home, but has to do so in the fall when food gets scarce. Then it comes down into the eastern United States. As far south as Washington, snowy owls rather rare, but some winters there will be a large flight about this region, as there was last year. Many of those that were taken last year had rats in their stomachs. In their Arctic homes they eat mostly lemmings. They like fish, too, and are so swift on the wing that they can catch even flying wild ducks. Some of them are snowy white, but most of them are barred with slaty brown. Their feet are thickly covered with hairlike feathers so that they will not get cold.

What the Calendar Pictures Say

Anna Milo Upjohn

The Breakfast Dole

The Calendar Story for December

BROWN LEAF rose at dawn. After he had lighted a fire of twigs in the clay stove and put on the rice-pot he sat down cross-legged before it, gently fanning the coals.

He had placed the stove under the awning of his father's shop so as to scan the hillside that shot up against the morning sky, and now gleamed dully with the frost-white blossoms of frangipani trees.

Above its rugged summit towered the spiral domes of a temple, peacock blue and green mellowed with bronze and surmounted by gilded spires. Long flights of steps led up to the temple, guarded by dragons of immense length that seem to have been turned to stone while gliding down hill.

Soon the temple priests would descend to the town to receive their breakfast portions from the devout inhabitants. They would all be dressed alike in yellow robes, each with an umbrella to protect his shaven head from the scorching sun of Siam. Slung from their shoulders would hang the bags which held their begging bowls, orange and violet, green and copper and tarnished red, until in procession across the sere fields that lay between hill and town, they looked like a garden strip of zinnias.

The priests might have but one meal a day, breakfast, and for that they must beg. If people were not generous they must go hungry for another twenty-four hours.

The thought of short rations filled Brown Leaf with pity, for besides his three hearty meals a day, his pockets were never without reserves of dates and cocoanut and palm sugar. Some day he, too, would have to take his turn at temple duty, for as in other lands there is a military service, in Siam there is a temple term for all young men and boys.

So Brown Leaf rose at dawn every morning, in order that the rice might be ready at sunrise, snowy white and steaming hot, cooked grain for grain. When a priest came by, tinkling his bronze bell and silently holding out his bowl, Brown Leaf would heap his ladle with rice until it stood up like the cone-shaped hill opposite.

Up and down the street other bowls of rice would stand on the thresholds, bowls of lacquer and brass

NOTE: The people of Siam are followers of Buddha. They believe that it is good for people to give, and when the priests hold out their begging bowls they are really conferring a favor, for they are offering an opportunity for sacrifice.



Brown Leaf sat down cross-legged, gently fanning the coals

and porcelain. Housewives and merchants would scoop up the breakfast dole and give it reverently; but none would wield so large a ladle or look up with eyes more liquid with fellow feeling as would Brown Leaf from his door mat.

The Poem

The Calendar Story for January

AT New Year's time in Japan the subject for a poem is given out to the nation by the Imperial Family, and every one, rich and poor, old and young, is free to try for the prize.

The poem must always be short and contain but one idea. Often the prize is won not by a poet or writer of note but by some unknown person.

When Masawo came to pose for me I was delighted that he brought with him a model illustrating the poem for that year. It was in the form of a miniature landscape garden placed in a green bowl filled with gravel, and it represented a little red "torii," or temple gateway, over which bent a tiny pine tree. Patches of alum served as snow. Masawo was taking it to his grandfather as a New Year's greeting. The idea it represented was something like "a pine-tree in the garden of a shrine."

In Japan it is the girls who wear the gay garments, the silk kimonos covered with butterflies and chrysanthemums, with cranes and cherry blossoms and wisteria. The boys prefer checked or striped flannelette in sober colors. Masawo was dressed in his best, a black and white checked over-garment like a loose coat which came to his knees, and a small brown pleated apron that was worn only on special occasions. His hair was cut short and his feet were shod with wooden clogs to protect his white socks.



Sugar is raised in quantity on Vieques and dairying is one of the chief occupations. Here we see tobacco being grown under cheesecloth

"My Dear Native Island"

PUPILS of the Eighth Grade of the Eugenio Maria de Hostos School, Vieques, Porto Rico, give accounts of their island in a portfolio sent to a school at New Holstein, Wisconsin, and one to a school in Newark, New Jersey.

Virginia Casillos writes for her grade about the Feast of the Three Kings, which in Spanish countries corresponds to our Christmas:

Three Kings' Day

"I think you will be very interested to know something about the way we celebrate the Three Kings' Day. It is a very old custom of the Spaniards and of some other countries, though not the United States.

"About twenty centuries ago, at the beginning of the Christian Era, there lived three rich Kings in an eastern part of Asia. One was Melchor, a black man, while Gaspar and Baltazar were two white Kings. Through the sayings of a prophet they knew about the birth of a child named Jesus Christ, who was to be the Savior of the world. They made their way westward, guided by the Eastern Star. The Star went above them until they reached the stable where the Christ was born. They worshipped him and each one gave a present to the child. One gave gold, the other incense and the third myrrh.

"Since this time the visit of the Three Kings is celebrated as a holiday on the sixth day of January every year with cheer and joyfulness, especially among the children. The children have the traditional idea of receiving gifts from the Three Kings. I wish you could be here to see the day celebrated."

The Island of Vieques

G. Hernandez, who made the covers for the two portfolios, describes his island home:

"It is my chance now to tell my American friends something about our so poorly known island. Because of its size, it is rarely mentioned in geography.

"Vieques is an island twenty-one miles long and six miles wide, thirteen miles east of Porto Rico. Its population is about 13,000. The chief occupation is the sugar-cane industry. There are two large sugar factories in which the cane raised on the island is squeezed and made into sugar. It is very interesting to go into the cane fields and see the workmen. Some of them cut the cane with large knives and throw it back in furrows; some pick and carry it out of the fields on ox-carts; others sow the cane and others care for it and clear away the weeds.

"If you should venture by the shores of this island you would see white sandy beaches. If you feel a little warm you will hear the inviting voice of the water which asks you to take a swim. After you get out of the water, you may see, all along the beach, trees covered with vines of the wild grape. These grapes are very sweet and many people go after them when they are ripe. Off from the shore a coconut grove may be found where coconuts may be eaten.

Some Porto Rican History

Something of the history of Porto Rico and of Vieques is told by Carmelo Valencia:

"Porto Rico was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1493 on his second voyage to the New World. The first governor of Porto Rico was a Spaniard named Juan Ponce de Leon, a companion of Columbus on this voyage, who established San Juan with the name of Caparra. Another settlement was established in Aguada by Christopher Sotomayor. At that time Ponce de Leon was becoming old and he heard about a marvelous fountain in a mythical island called Bimini, that could make an

old person young if he would take a bath there. Ponce de Leon went on an expedition, discovering Florida on his way. He went in search of the fountain but he never found it. The Indians of Florida thought that he was going to take possession of their lands and they attacked him. In the fight Ponce de Leon was mortally wounded and he went to Santo Domingo to die. His bones were taken to Porto Rico and deposited in the Cathedral of San Juan. After Ponce de Leon there came many Spanish governors who did the best they could for the welfare of the country. After many years, in 1898, America got possession of Porto Rico. From that time on it has been governed by the United States of America.

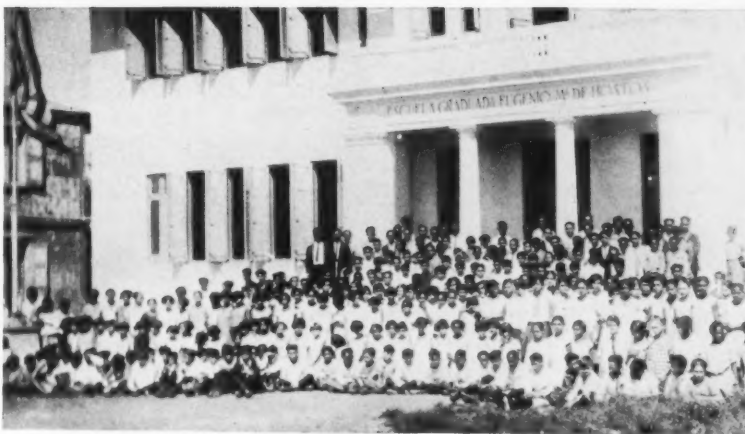
"Vieques, my dear native island, was founded in 1843, the first governor being M. Theodore Le Guillier. The French people were living on this island for many years, but now inhabitants from Saint Thomas and the other Virgin Islands have come to live here. Also some Americans, Englishmen, Spaniards, and other races of people live here. I am very much interested in history and I wish you would tell me the history of your own country."

The Haunted Sentry Box

In the portfolio for Newark there was included a legend of the fort of San Cristobal at San Juan, Porto Rico. The story was taken from "The Book of P. R.," by E. Fernandez Garcia:

"The Haunted Sentry Box is on a lonely point that juts out over the sea and is commonly known to all of us as 'La Garita del Diablo.' Many are the legends the tourist hears concerning the reason for its name, the fundamental reason for which is that from it there vanished time after time the sentinels stationed there in days of old to watch for foes of the 'Port of Riches.' One of these tales rings true to human nature.

"Long ago, so runs the tale, there lived with her parents a beautiful Indian maiden, a maid who drew to her the bold glances of the braves, as a beautiful flower attracts the bee, and who started their hearts beating like the waves upon the shore of Porto Rico. Across the ocean came a Spanish soldier, a bold and handsome



Students of the Eugenio Maria de Hostos School in Vieques, Porto Rico

youth, the kind sure to win a woman's smiles. From their meeting came a romance and the mysterious tragedies which gave the sentry box the name by which it is known today.

"Soldiers of Spain were not sent to Porto Rico to fall in love with native maidens. Theirs was the work of Mars, and so the officers hearing of his escapade inflicted swift punishment upon the man. He was imprisoned, perhaps in that same dungeon, while the Indian maid swore vengeance, not upon the soldier alone, but upon all men who wore the same uniform as did her one-time lover. To wreak that vengeance she would crawl unnoticed in the small hours of the night, in which man's energy is sure to be at ebb, upon the sentry box without the walls of San Cristobal. Then, watching her chance, she would creep upon the sentry posted there, kill him, throw his body into the sea, and silently steal away.

"Man after man vanished, the mystery of that lonely box grew, but none could solve it. Time rolled by and then, one night when she stole upon the sentry, she saw, thanks to a ray of moonlight, the man she sought, her unfaithful lover. Slowly, stealthily, she drew near him. Unconscious of danger, the soldier gazed seaward, or perhaps dozed under the charm of the beauty of the tropic night, and then—a swift silent rush, a stab.

"After that the disappearances ceased, perhaps because the Indian girl, separated from her lover in life, joined him in death in the troubled waters.

"Is this the true version of the haunted sentry box of San Cristobal? Don't ask me. I have only reported the tale as it was told to me by one who was born upon the island of romance."



One of the boys, G. Hernandez, painted this picture on the leather cover of the portfolio

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National Officers of the American Red Cross

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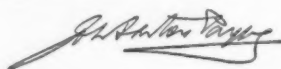
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*I block the roads and drift the fields with snow;
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.*

—H. W. Longfellow

ARTHUR WILLIAM DUNN

IN the death of Arthur William Dunn, the American Red Cross loses one of its ablest and most distinguished leaders. Because of his qualities of mind and heart, because of the singular charm of his personality and the fineness of his spirit, association with him was always a pleasure. Because of his attainments and high standing in the educational world, his achievements as a pioneer in the field of community civics, his far and clear vision and his constructive and ceaseless effort in the work which fittingly crowned his useful life, that pleasure was intensified by a deep sense of pride in such a colleague. Such a man cannot be replaced. Yet, during the seven years of his directorship of the American Junior Red Cross, so well, so thoughtfully and so thoroughly did Mr. Dunn lay the foundation and begin the building, that now the structure which was always so clearly before his mind must inevitably rise through the years. America's youth enlisted for service and for cooperation and mutual understanding with the youth of the rest of the world—no man could desire a finer monument.



NOW WE ARE TEN

IF you should have a party on your tenth birthday, you would probably invite boys and girls of all ages. A few of them might be exactly ten years

[90]

old, but there would be many younger friends as well. So we hope that not only the schools that have had the Junior Red Cross for all ten years, but those that have had it only seven or four or not quite one year are all taking part in the nation-wide decennial celebration of the American Junior Red Cross.

When you go to a birthday party you usually make a good wish for the one whose birthday it is. We hope that you will make good wishes for the Junior Red Cross. The beautiful thing about these birthday wishes is that they are all unselfish ones, wishes that you as members of the Junior Red Cross may help make the world kinder and friendlier:

"May we help take good cheer to our soldier friends in hospitals!"

"May the partnerships between Indian Schools and other American schools grow more understanding and helpful!"

"May we keep on sending Merry Christmas to schoolmates of other lands!"

"May we help the boys of Albania make their country prosperous and wise!"

"May we come to know and understand our schoolmates around the world!"

"May we be ready to help all who are in need through disasters or calamities of any kind!"

The best wishes are those that are not only put into words but are made in action as well. For every wish, try to think of some practical plan for helping make it come true.

Schools Requesting Decennial Certificates

For those schools that have had the Junior Red Cross the entire ten years, we have a present, a special Decennial Certificate. This is a list of the schools that had applied at the time this was written.

MAINE:

Presque Isle—Primary School

MISSISSIPPI:

Columbus—Barrow School

NEW JERSEY:

Cranford—Cranford School

NEW YORK:

Troy—Mary Warren Free Institute

Bronx Borough—Schools Nos. 2, 12, 16, 17, 19, 20, 29, 31, 33, 41, 48, 52, 53, 55

Manhattan—Schools Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 25, 27, 28, 33, 37, 38, 39, 40, 43, 45, 54, 58, 59, 61, 65, 66, 68, 76, 78, 82, 84, 86, 87, 88, 90, 94, 96, 101, 102, 110, 121, 122, 131, 137, 151, 157, 159, 165, 166, 170, 171, 177, 184, 188

Brooklyn—Schools Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 11, 12, 13, 16, 18, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 32, 34, 35, 37, 39, 40, 41, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 52, 55, 60, 63, 64, 67, 68, 69, 73, 74, 77, 78, 80, 82, 83, 86, 88, 89, 90, 92, 93, 94, 98, 102, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 110, 113, 114, 122, 123, 124, 127, 129, 130, 131, 134, 135, 136, 139, 140, 142, 143, 147, 148, 149, 150, 152, 154, 159, 162, 167, 169, 172, 174, 176

Queens—Schools Nos. 4, 5, 6, 11, 20, 22, 24, 25, 27, 40, 41, 43, 58, 68, 77, 79, 80, 84, 85, 91, 92, 94, 95

Richmond—Schools Nos. 2, 3, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20, 23, 24

OHIO:

Ashtabula—Ashtabula and Harbor Special Schools

Baltimore—Howard Park School

PENNSYLVANIA:

Allentown—Allentown School

Fairfield—Primary School

Telford—Branch Valley School

Thorndale—Intermediate School

The Pudding of Pyrford

YOU remember that in the November NEWS we had a picture of "Johnny with his hanky on a lead" which was sent by Juniors in the Jedlicka Cripples' Home in Prague to the Juniors in the St. Nicholas Orthopaedic Home at Pyrford, England. This is the story of the Pudding of Pyrford. It is told in two letters which appeared in the Junior magazine of Czechoslovakia. The first is from the children in the St. Nicholas Hospital and it says to their comrades in Prague

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

"Thank you so much for your nice letters. We liked the little wooden boxes and the brightly colored peacock very much indeed, also the clever drawings of some of the teachers and pupils, especially the sketch of the wireless enthusiast. Most of us are members of the Junior Red Cross. We have made a Christmas pudding for you and hope you will all like it very much. While it was being mixed, we spilt some flour and one or two currants, but the friendly little sparrows came and ate them up. In the pudding we have put some little charms. One of the girls made some sketches of them on the small card, so that you will know what to look for. We would like to know the names of the children who find them in their share. Will you ask the cook if she will boil the pudding at least two hours more? We have boiled it six hours. Some of us are wondering if it is a rather heavy pudding. We do hope not; it would be too dreadful if we made you ill! We are sending in the parcel two pieces of holly from the lane near our hospital. Will you put them in the top of the pudding when it is ready for the table? That is what we do here."

In due course this letter came from Prague to Pyrford:

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"Thank you for your Christmas pudding which gave us so much pleasure. We ate it on New Year's Day. Just then we had a visit from Miss Sylva Macharova, the matron of the State School for Nurses, and daughter of our eminent poet, and she

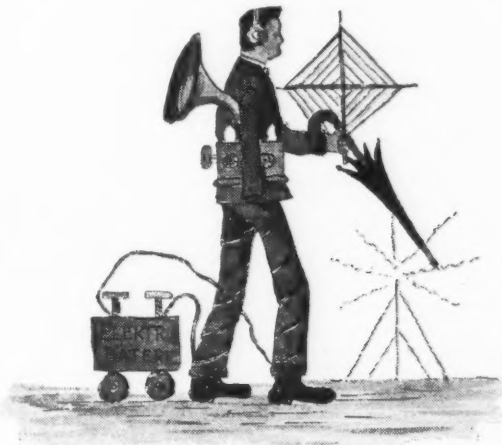
told us all about the pudding and about your beautiful and famous England. That evening we had theatricals and laughed and joked and were very merry, but we all kept looking from time to time towards the door of the kitchen through which the cook was to bring your pudding on to our table. We were all very curious to find out how we should like it. We liked it very much, but were surprised

at the spices it contained. We are not accustomed to spices here. The little things hidden in the pudding caused great interest, everyone being curious to know what he would find in his helping. All of us wanted most a horseshoe for luck, but it seems as if luck will avoid us this year. The horseshoe fell to the cook who assured us that now she has luck she will never burn another cake. Janko, one of our fellows who has no legs, found the little bell. Our little friend Mana was much disturbed at finding in her portion the unfortunate button, so out of revenge she took another helping. The whole evening, however, she kept on tossing her tumbled hair back and declaring: 'It doesn't matter a bit. I don't want to get married any-

how. I mean to be a school teacher.'

"As a little return for the pudding we are sending you an Easter lamb. It is the custom in this country to bake such lambs at Easter. Another of our merry observances at Easter is for the boys to swish the girls with rods on Easter Monday so as to make them lovely and industrious for the whole year. For this purpose the boys make plaited whips of willow rods which are called 'pomlázky.' In order not to get too much beating the girls purchase their freedom by presenting the boys with painted Easter eggs. In our parcel we are including one of the plaited whips so that the boys at Pyrford may copy our example, and swish any of the girls that are lazy.

The picture was sent by the children in Prague to the St. Nicholas Juniors in Pyrford. It appeared, with the verse, in the British Junior Journal to which we are indebted for permission to reprint.



*Our wireless expert here you see,
He is as keen as keen can be.
He spends his whole time listening in,
No wonder he has grown so thin.
And I have even heard it said,
He keeps his ear-phones on in bed!
And when he's out of doors as well
He is a walking aëriaL.*

Chunky's Essence*

Illustrations by Francis J. Rigney

NO one else but Chunky would have thought of a thing like that; but he is such a brainy blighter, always nosing about in books and doing experiments and suddenly producing the most startling schemes.

That was how he produced his famous scheme of "Vitelixir," which sounded simply splendid when he suddenly told us (that is, Traddles Smith, Jack Hopeforth and me—Tony Playfair), about it, in the dorm. at St. Innis the first night after the Christmas hols.

Perhaps, in case any one doesn't know, I ought to explain that St. Innis is probably the best prep. school in England, especially at games; also that Chunky's other name is Misterton, and that he can't help not being good at games himself because he's lame. He was bitten by a tiger when he was a kid in India, and except for the fact that he is dead keen on games, I don't suppose he'd have got into St. Innis on brains alone.

Of course, as the head said when I saw him last term about a mistake I made in thinking my catapult wouldn't carry as far as his window from the cricket pavilion, "It's easy to be wise after the event." Now, looking back at the awful results of "Vitelixir," one can see that we were mistaken in thinking it would help St. Innis to break every record ever made by fellows of our age, that is, about eleven. But that was how Chunky explained the working of his invention to us, and I must say it sounded all right at the time.

Chunky is always so keen on our doing well at games and sports that we knew he wouldn't have invented anything that he didn't believe in, especially as he had been working at it all the hols., when most of us were not thinking about the School as much as we ought to have been doing.

"It's like this," said Chunky. "I had read a bit about things called vitamins, but hadn't realized how they might be made to help St. Innis until, one day, I heard some big doctor talking about them on the wireless. I didn't hear all he said because, in the middle of it, some rather special glue I was inventing for tennis racquets boiled over on the study fire, and the housekeeper, who is a bit nervous, telephoned for the fire brigade; but I heard enough to make me invent 'Vitelixir'."

Chunky brought out this jaw-breaking name quite suddenly, as he does all his inventions, and when we asked him what it was he explained that it was a sort of essence of vitamins.

He said that in the ordinary way one could get all



He had a large black bottle of the essence in his suit case and only to see the looing way he unwrapped it made you feel it was really priceless

the vitamins one wanted to keep one fit by eating the right kind of food where these things are; also, as long as one doesn't live on stodge and tea and white bread, and if one eats heaps of fruit and things like watercress and drinks any amount of water, one gets vitamins without knowing it, so to speak.

"If that is all there is in it," said Traddles (Traddles is Captain of the School and can do the hundred yards in eleven and four-fifths), "we are all right, because the grub here is quite good and we can always look out for the what-do-you-call-'ems if you will give us the tip." Traddles is a great believer in Chunky, and even now he thinks Chunky's scheme was sound, but says his essence was too strong.

"Right oh, Traddles, my boy," said Chunky, "I agree with you and I could tell you things which are absolutely bursting with vitamins, such as whole-wheat bread and butter and eggs, and nuts, and oranges, but the point is," said Chunky, very seriously, "the point is, have we time? There are only seven weeks from now until the inter-school sports with Clitherton's and Elmhurst. You know

*Reprinted by permission, the British Junior Red Cross Journal

we only won the Cup by one point last year, and now that old Jack's brother who was such a champion at the hurdles and quarter has gone, it will be a near thing, and we simply cannot let the School down, can we?"

Of course we all begged him to tell us his scheme, and it was this:

As there was not much time before the Sports for laying in vitamins in the usual way by eating them in food, we, that is, Traddles (100 yards, 220, throwing cricket ball and general all-rounder), Jack (quarter, and high and long jumps) and me (obstacles and swimming), were to make up for the time lost when we hadn't known about vitamins by drinking a teaspoonful of Chunky's essence every day after dinner.

Chunky told us some of the things he had put in it, such as lemon peel, but not all, as he said it was a priceless secret and might help his family to buy back their place from the man who bought it after the War.

Jack said, "Isn't it rather like doping racehorses?" But Chunky said,

"Not a bit: only like giving them extra feeds of old beans."

So we agreed to try the "Vitelixir," as Chunky had christened his essence. He had a large black bottle of it in his suitcase: it was an old wine bottle, I think, but only to see the loving way Chunky unwrapped it from the socks and things he had wound round it made you feel that it was really priceless, as he had said.

My new knife, luckily, has a corkscrew, and Chunky borrowed it to keep during the treatment, but he wouldn't open the bottle that night.

Next day we four met in a corner of the library after dinner to have the essence. Chunky had brought a wine glass from home and said he would measure the doses for us, as it was very important we shouldn't help ourselves to too much at first.

Chunky also advised us to hold our noses in order not to taste the essence, and he asked if anyone felt any different after it. We all said "no," except Jack, who said he felt sick; but Chunky said that may have been because Jack was badly in need of vitamins. Chunky said he felt all right himself, because he had been rather specialising in vitamin food during the hols.

None of us wanted anything to eat for tea, not even Chunky; and after tea he said to me, "Tony, have you ever kept guinea pigs?"

I said, "No."

Then he went on to say that he had just had a letter from home

which said: "P. S.—Both your guinea pigs died the afternoon you went back to school."

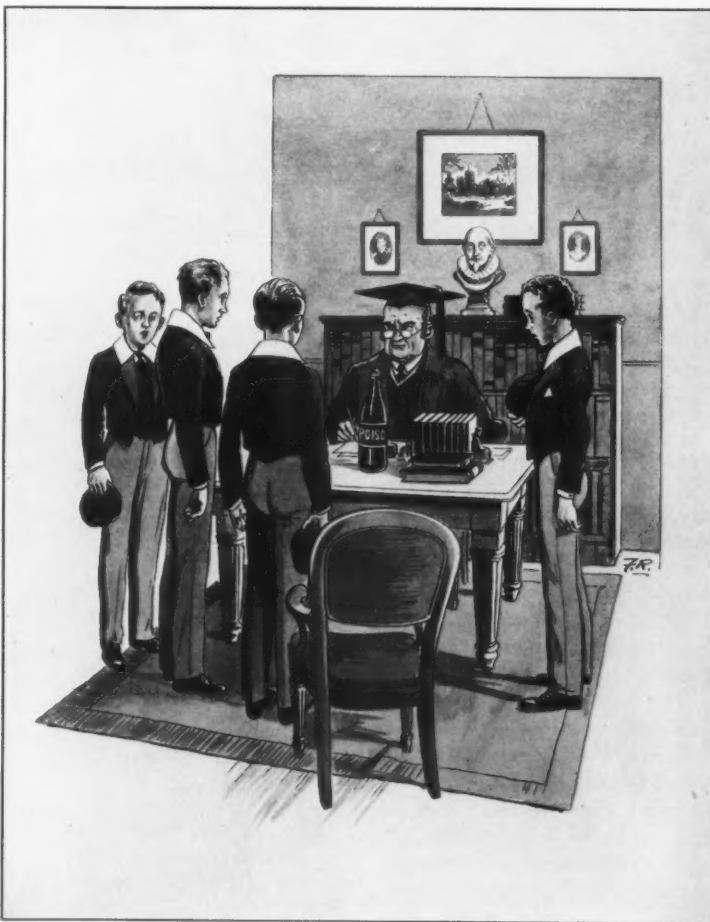
"Jolly touching," said I.

"Don't be an ass," said Chunky. "It may have been the 'Vitelixir.' I don't say it was, but it may have been, though of course the groom is jolly well mistaken if he thinks I was idiot enough to give my guinea pigs the stuff he kept in a bottle for Joan's pony's leg. The fact is," said Chunky, "the book I read had a picture of guinea pigs who never had any vitamins and they looked absolutely rotten, so I thought I'd stop mine getting like that, and so I gave them a good whack of 'Vitelixir,' enough to last until next hols., but perhaps—"

Just then up came old Jack and Traddles, both looking a bit white, with their hands folded over their waistcoats.

As soon as Chunky saw them he went white too. "My aunt!" he said. "I don't believe I washed out that bottle before I put the 'Vitelixir' in it. Come on you chaps." And he limped off as fast as he could travel, and we after him, to Matron's room.

There are some things one doesn't talk about, and what happens when one is given a thing called an



There was that wretched bottle on his writing table, but now it sported a large red label with "Poison" on it

emetic is one of these. We all had to have emetics, even Chunky and me, and enormous doses of castor oil afterwards.

Next morning, before prayers, the Head sent to say he would be happy to see us, and when we got to his study there was that wretched black bottle on his writing table, but now it sported a large red label with "POISON" on it.

Old Scrubbs was pretty acid to begin with, I can tell you; but when Chunky told him all about vitamins and how he had invented "Vitelixir" for the honor of the School, and that he was awfully sorry about not washing out the bottle, the Head said, "Very well, Misterton, but remember what Wordsworth wrote:

'That God's most dreaded instrument

In working out a pure intent

Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter.'"

Then he laughed a bit; then he said, "The punishment shall fit the crime." Personally, I always look out for squalls when the Head says that, and so, when after prayers in Hall he tapped the desk, I guessed something was coming.

"Boys," said old Scrubbs in that pleasant way of his, "Misterton, who has been studying the science of vitamins, will now give us a brief account of his researches, after which I will add a few observations

of my own." So Chunky, as red as a turkey, had to get up and tell us about vitamins.

I must say he did it jolly well, and I found myself getting quite interested when he stopped and old Scrubbs took up the running. He told the whole School about Chunky's "Vitelixir," which Chunky had said nothing about, and then he showed us how he had heard about these things before he heard of Chunky, and how he took care that we had lots of vitamins by seeing that we had the sort of foods Chunky had mentioned such as butter, milk, eggs, green food and fruits; also he said, "Don't play tricks with your insides by taking stuff out of bottles." But when he said that I thought "What about the castor oil?"

Then he wound up by giving us a motto for the term, which he said came from the Book of Proverbs, "Remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches: feed me with food convenient for me;" and he explained that we might take this to mean that if we were not too cocksure and played the game and trusted the School about giving us vitamins, we stood a fair chance of pulling off the inter-school sports cup. And so we did—by three points—in spite of Chunky's essence having been such a sell.

—B. B.

Shaman, the Medicine Man, Routed

ON your map of Alaska you will find Point Hope, on the northwestern coast and well within the Arctic Circle. When the Coast Guard cutter *Bear*, sailing from Nome, arrives at Point Hope on its once-a-year trip, it brings things which are indeed wonderful to the people of that farmless, gardenless region—to-mato soup, green vegetables, canned meats and baked beans, which are a great change from the usual diet of walrus or seal meat and dried fish. These things are sent by thoughtful and generous people, just as you send your Red Cross boxes carrying comfort and happiness to those less fortunate than yourselves.

The missionary at Point Hope was distressed by the disease and suffering which he found among the Eskimos, and he determined to bring them relief. Since the climate is too cold for the cultivation of fruits and vegetables, animal food is about all that is naturally available to the Eskimos, and consists of the meat of the walrus, the bear, the seal and

Julia Powell

the whale (the latter often eaten when in a putrid state), shellfish and the eggs of sea birds. Occasionally wild parsnips and berries are to be had. The result of this diet is the disease of scurvy, besides many minor ailments.

Now, however, Eskimo boys and girls of Point Hope, as well as their parents, are learning about vitamins, and how to select and prepare their food properly and balance their diet. They eat to avoid scurvy and other forms of illness caused by malnutrition.

Nor is this all. The igloos, the Eskimo houses made of driftwood, skins and sometimes of snow and ice, are very unsanitary. The chances for ventilation are poor, and the atmosphere in an igloo is dense with smoke and grease. This condition is made worse by the skinning of animals and the curing of hides. Heretofore it was the custom, when one became ill, to call in Shaman, the Medicine Man, and if he pronounced the disease fatal, the sufferer was put out in the snow to perish, for the super-



An Eskimo girl and boy from Point Hope who are at the school at White Mountain



The village of Point Hope. It is a farmless, gardenless region where a Christmas tree must be brought from 800 miles away

stitious believe that if anyone dies inside the igloo it will be haunted by a bad spirit.

This, too, is changed. From a recent trip to the States the missionary took back with him a hospital—a portable building of the most improved modern type. The fierce cold is kept out by the lined walls, and it is furnished with comforts and luxuries before undreamed of. Here the old and the sick are tended with loving care. There are pure air, cleanliness, warmth, good food and medicine, and the diagnosis of Shaman the Medicine Man is not feared, since his skill is no longer sought.

Letters from Point Hope

THE United States Government has a school at Point Hope for the natives. There are fifty-six children in the school—Juniors, too. And here are two of the letters sent by them to the Oberhill Rural School at Johnson, Vermont. Try to imagine how well you could write the Eskimo language if that were not your own mother tongue. Don't you think that probably you would not do nearly as well as these two Eskimo boys?

Before we give you the letters, though, we want to give you a word of warning. It sometimes happens that a letter in the *News* will be so interesting to some who read it that they will want to write straight away to the boy or girl who wrote it. But your teacher will tell you that this is not the way. Junior Red Cross correspondence is between schools and must go in the regular way through the Red Cross central office and not direct to any individual. The Oberhill group is fortunate in having an Alaskan correspondent, as there are not many school correspondence contacts with Alaskan schools to be had and all we have on our list are now paired with groups in the United States.

In the first letter Max Edward Lieb says:

"My teacher told me to write a letter to Miss Hance of the Junior Red Cross and it would be sent to a scholar like myself in a distant part of the United States.

"I am a half-breed boy and I am one of the people in school at Point Hope, Alaska. I know you never been in Alaska, and

I think maybe you like to hear how the Eskimo live in Alaska.

"There are not many houses. The houses are all made out of driftwood, and we put the sod around it, so that the snow won't get in.

"We have dogs and sleds, and sometimes we hitch up our dogs and get some ice for drinking water and wood so that we can keep ourselves warm.

"The men are always hunting for seals and oogwk* and walrus, in winter time, and in spring they go out on ice with their canoes for whaling. I think the whales are more than thirty feet long, but they are very kind animals. There are seven men in one canoe, fifteen or more waiting in the open water for whale blows.

"There are not many white foxes this winter. My brother caught four and he got the most.

"The Eskimo women make a cache in the ground and put stone and whale bone, and then put sod on top of it, and there they keep their whale meat and seal meat prepared for winter.

"I think that's all I can say this time."

You can get some idea of how cold Point Hope can be from Howard Rock's letter. He writes:

"I am a pupil in school at Point Hope and I am a native boy at Point Hope.

"Sometimes our teacher told us that there were many thousands of people outside and we have heard about automobiles and trains, but we never see such things at all. I have seen the buildings in the pictures in *Outside*. They are very big beautiful buildings.

"In winter time in our land it is very cold and lots of snow on the ground and lots of ice on the Arctic Ocean and our men are hunting for seals and polar bears on the ice.

"And in the spring time our men go out on the ice and hunt for whales. They go out with their canoes. Last spring our men killed eleven whales. Whales are very big animals. Although they are big, they are timid, they are afraid of the people.

"When I write letter to you again I think I will send you something that was made in Eskimo land.

"We are writing with our lead-pencil. We didn't use ink because sometimes inside our schoolroom is forty degrees below zero and our ink wells were frozen.

"When our men finish whaling we have a good time and have a big feast and are very happy. They have a big Eskimo dance because they are very thankful for whales.

"I want to hear about your lives down there, too. Please answer my letter."

* These are the large bearded seals, two or three times as big as the ring seals or harbor seals. Their hides are used for special purposes, as for making dog harness. The ordinary seals when killed are the property of the hunter, but the oogwks are usually distributed in shares to all the tribe. The name is pronounced ook-yook.



Washington Boy and Girl Scouts who helped mail out the nutrition letters. Afterwards, when 12 of them stopped in to visit the News office, the Editor asked them which of three pictures they would best like to see as a cover on the magazine. The vote was a tie—four for each. The owl on this month's cover was one of the pictures

What Does a Red Cross Nutritionist Do?

Louise L'Engle

IT was a Saturday morning and the office of the Red Cross Nutrition Service at National Headquarters buzzed with the sound of the busy, interested voices of a group of Girl and Boy Scouts, volunteer workers for the Red Cross. The first day one boy had said, "I've been a Junior for eight years. We do a lot of things in our school as Juniors."

This Saturday morning they were getting out the school letters for boys and girls in towns in various States where the local Red Cross Chapter employs a nutritionist to teach the proper choice of food.

"What does a nutritionist do?" asked one of the Scouts of a member of the Nutrition Staff.

"A good many things," was the answer. "For instance, in one chapter where the nutritionist serves a county in the mountains of Kentucky the day begins early and on horseback. She starts away with her saddle bags bulging with a scale to weigh the boys and girls, food models and other necessary articles for the day. The road leads up and up and finally ends in the rocky bed of a dried-up mountain stream. Climbing and stumbling, the horse still makes his way up until he reaches a clearing where there is a one-room school. The nutritionist unpacks the scale and sets it up and the weighing begins. Don't you think those children are proud of their gains since her last visit! After the nutrition lesson she is invited to stay for the noon lunch which is prepared on the one stove in the building. The Juniors in this school help to distribute the mothers' letters about food that you and other volunteers here send to them."

"But the orders I fill go to Florida. What do they do down there?" asked a Girl Scout.

"Perhaps one of the most novel nutrition classes

was held in Florida. Mothers and children were taken to the beach for their classes. While the mothers were having their nutrition instruction the children had exercises given by volunteers, when the mothers were doing exercises the children had their nutrition class and a story too for the little ones. Then, with Red Cross Life Savers near by, they all plunged into the ocean and when swimming was over they were ready for the lunch that had been provided. A model of this beach class was made by a thirteen-year-old Junior and a corps of volunteers and is kept at National Headquarters. Our workers teach preschool and school children, mothers and other grown-ups the principles of proper nutrition."

"How else have Juniors served their Red Cross Nutrition program?" asked another girl.

"Through arrangements financed by the Junior Red Cross, 13 schools in Milwaukee have enjoyed the benefits of the Red Cross Nutrition Service. For three years the Juniors there had made about \$3,000 a year from the sale of old newspapers collected during clean-up week. They decided to employ their own nutrition worker. In one school visited by their nutritionist, the number of underweights was reduced from 157 to 50 in seven weeks."

"Does a nutritionist ever have classes in camp cookery?" questioned another Scout.

"Yes," said the staff member. "The enthusiasm over a cooking class for eighth grade girls in a rural county in New York State led the boys in that school to ask for a camp cookery class for themselves. We plan to begin this class in the spring."

The busy noise of helpful activity went on. These volunteers were falling in step with other Juniors for the attainment of their goal of Fitness for Service.

"Billy Whiskers"

WELL known in Junior Red Cross circles in Atlanta, Georgia, is the goat belonging to a home for children there. His story is told by Jewel Hord in *The Aerial*, the attractive magazine published by the William A. Bass Junior High School:

"About three years ago the Junior Red Cross decided that they would like to buy something for the enjoyment of the children at the Home of the Friendless. Mrs. Dexter was appointed to purchase something; she asked the matron what the children wanted; the matron then told her that all of the children were very anxious for a billygoat. After trying the Pet Shop, they went away out in the country, bringing back with them the much longed-for goat. The billygoat was so wild that he soon had to be taken away, but the next time they found a goat which wasn't so wild, because he had always been in the circus. They then held a contest to determine its name; 'Billy Whiskers' was chosen.

"About three or four days before Christmas, last year, the matron at the Home of the Friendless called Mrs. Dexter, saying that all the children were heartbroken because 'Billy Whiskers' was sick. A doctor was summoned, who worked night and day but in a vain attempt. On Christmas Eve day 'Billy Whiskers' passed away. Oh! the children's Christmas was spoiled. Mrs. Dexter again went in search for a billygoat and, after a few days, succeeded in finding a goat, which was taken to the Home of the Friendless. Now, there were some



"Billy Whiskers the Second" is fond of his oats

clothes hanging on the line—well, no use to tell the rest, for, as I'm sure you know, that goat, he ate the clothes. He was taken away; again Mrs. Dexter went goat searching. The new goat seemed milder, more gentle, more like 'Billy Whiskers,' so he was given the name of 'Billy Whiskers the Second.'

"Every month some child from the Home of the Friendless writes a letter to Junior Red Cross headquarters, telling them about 'Billy Whiskers.' Here is the one received with the snapshot:

"DEAR JUNIOR RED CROSS:

We are sending a picture of "Billy Whiskers" eating oats from the hand of Roy Denson. We feed him good and "treat him rough," but he likes us and we like him.

We were all very much excited one day when we thought "Billy Whiskers" had swallowed a marble, but later we decided it was a mistake since Billy didn't even have indigestion.

We thank you again for giving Billy to us.

Your friend,

RUTH CRAWFORD."

Junior Doings Here and There

ALL New England Juniors were given a chance to send Christmas remembrances to the 5000 Vermont boys and girls affected by the November floods in New England, which hit that State hardest of all. Juniors of Massachusetts and of New Hampshire sent gifts to children who had suffered from the flood in those two States. As soon as the Thanksgiving holiday was over, schoolrooms all over New England buzzed with the business of getting together the packages that would help make Christmas seem more like itself to the Vermont children

whose minds must still have been full of the thoughts of the terrible experience they had gone through

a few weeks before. Each package contained some useful article, such as a handkerchief or tie; a toy or game; a book, and a Christmas stocking made of net about six or eight inches long and filled with candy and nuts. Everything sent was fresh and new. By December 11th the office of the Junior Red Cross in Boston, where the gifts were sent for distribution, was piled high with packages and more were coming in all day long. The workers there had a complete



The Primary Room of the Clemons School in Nashville, Tenn., raised these bulbs in their classroom and took them to hospitals and old peoples' homes last Christmas

description of each of the 5000 Vermonters, and so could make sure that not one was overlooked.

An old man in the hills of Vermont said that the flood was "the wrath of God made manifest because women were a-bobbin' their hair and a-smokin' cigarettes." But geography offers a much better explanation than that. The State of Vermont has some forty-six mountains and peaks, about fifty-seven rivers and many more brooks and creeks. For some months past there had been heavy rains, so that the soil was pretty well soaked when, November first, there set in a rain that in the course of thirty-nine hours poured down 8.3 inches more water. Unable to soak into the already saturated earth this water raced down the forty-six mountains and peaks into the brooks, creeks and rivers until these burst over their banks and tore madly down their valleys. In some places a wall of water fifty-eight feet high bore down upon the houses and barns and the cattle in the fields. Highways were washed out; railroads were torn up or left in twisted masses; 276 houses were destroyed and 1616 were badly damaged; fertile soil was gouged out, and chasms of gravel and rock were left in its place; 1664 head of cattle were drowned, and fifty-four people lost their lives. Of course, the Red Cross, whose business it is to help in disasters such as this, is working hard with the Vermonters, who have a wonderful courage and spirit, to get things in better shape before the cold weather sets in.

A LADY wrote from Esthonia to a friend in Paris:

"Allow me to write you a few lines during my solitude at Paasknil where I am at the moment all

alone in the middle of a silent forest splendid in winter garb and bathed with light of a fairy-like moon. . . . I have just returned from the Christmas tree party organized by the Junior Red Cross. I have seen the bright eyes of the children who were carrying like a treasure the desired box received from their unknown friends across the ocean; I have heard the exclamations of joy. . . . I must say it was beautiful and touching—to such an extent beautiful that only an artist or a poet could describe it. All the words of thanks and the good wishes pronounced in voices full of joy and happiness were so sincere that the good God will undoubtedly bless the givers a thousand times."

CHRISTMAS boxes sent overseas by Juniors of Hibbing, Minnesota, had a kind of special meaning, because the contents were so largely the work of the givers themselves. The Junior Red Cross Chairman there wrote:

"I wish you might have seen the contents of some of these boxes—tiny airplanes whittled by boys in the fifth and sixth grades, bearing the name, "The Spirit of St. Louis," dressed dolls, rag dolls, hand knitted doll sweaters, handkerchiefs made by kindergarten children, marble bags to which each boy in the room had contributed his choicest marble, etc. Letters of greeting were enclosed in most of the boxes.

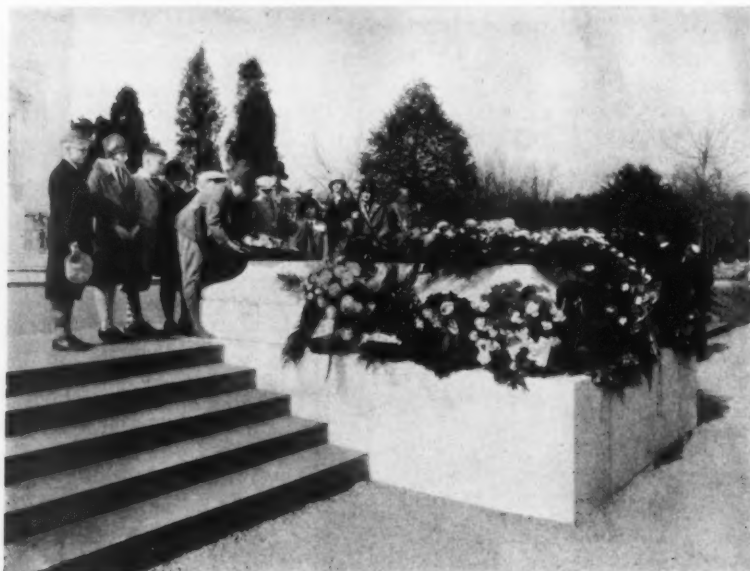
WITHOUT being asked to do so by anybody, the Juniors of De Soto, Missouri, sent \$30.41 for children who had suffered in the tornado that struck St. Louis early in October.

CHAPPAQUA, in Westchester County, New York, is not a big place, but it must have a big Junior spirit, for the school there has been awarded the banner given in that county for specially good Junior Red Cross work. It has more than met the requirements:

1. Organized for more than three years.
2. Carrying on a program both local and foreign.
3. The whole school is contributing.

Moreover, the Chappaqua Juniors have done something very special. They have organized all by themselves a new branch in their neighbor school of Pleasantville.

JUNIORS of Hamilton School, Salt Lake City, Utah, have been carrying on correspondence with foreign schools for seven years. They are very proud of the fine collection of portfolios sent in exchange for the excellent ones they themselves have sent abroad.



On Armistice Day, John Firman, accompanied by 17 other Juniors of Washington, D. C., placed a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington, and then stood at salute for two full minutes. The Washington Juniors were acting in this on behalf of the pupils of the Tremont Elementary School, Long Beach, Calif., who sent the wreath

SEE what it means to belong to a world-wide organization such as the Junior Red Cross. You have read from time to time about the sums given from your National Children's Fund to help children in other countries. You have read, too, of how many things Juniors in other countries are doing for the children of their own lands. In the NEWS of last January there was an article about the children of Poland, how much they loved reading, how scarce books are in many places there and how money from your Fund could help the Polish Juniors purchase small libraries. You have been told, too, that money is not so plentiful in Polish homes as it is in our homes in the United States. Yet the Polish children are rich in spirit and generosity. For on August 9, the American Red Cross received a check for \$1,178.45. It was the contribution of school children of Poland for the aid of the children who were victims of the Mississippi flood. On November 14 another check came from the Polish children for the same purpose. They had collected 6534.06 Zlotys, which when converted into dollars at the day's rate of 8.88 Zlotys to \$1.00, amounted to—well, do your own sum. You will see that in all the Polish children had sent to children of the United States more than \$1,900. It is said that 130,000 contributed to this sum.

MORE than 13,000 Juniors were enrolled last year in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania. The Service Fund paid for 14 tonsil and adenoid operations and 32 pairs of glasses. Portfolios, letters and Christmas boxes were sent abroad. This year Armstrong County Juniors are making special efforts for better teeth among school children. Kittanning and Armstrong County Juniors become members in three ways: 1. By performing a real service for the school, community or chapter. A committee of pupils or the teacher judges whether the services rendered are sufficient. 2. By taking a definite part in school enterprises by which the Junior Red Cross Service Fund is raised. 3. By making a contribution to the Service Fund. Every school in Armstrong County has been enrolled during the past six years.

IN the King's Mountain Memorial Hospital of Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia, there is a pretty children's ward, flooded with sunshine, where four beds and a wheel chair accommodate the younger patients. On



The children's ward in the King's Mountain Memorial Hospital was equipped by Bristol Juniors

the wall is a Junior Red Cross poster, for the room was furnished by the Juniors of Bristol. In the same hospital these Juniors have outfitted a very modern clinic room. Both rooms were financed from surplus money in the Junior treasury after other activities had been paid for.

FOR 1926-1927 the Junior Red Cross of Aguadilla, Porto Rico, undertook the following program of activities: Aid in sustaining the dental clinic established last year; purchase of medicines for the school medicine cabinets; aid to certain pupils who are in need of nourishment and medicines. The Juniors of Mayaguez supplied needy children with medicine, shoes and clothing to attend school; awarded prizes for the best work presented; and helped high school students with their school fees and books. Fifty Juniors from Ruiz Gandia and McKinley Schools of Ponce, under the direction of the Chairman of the Local Committee, made a census of the illiterate children ten years of age and over, in the locality.

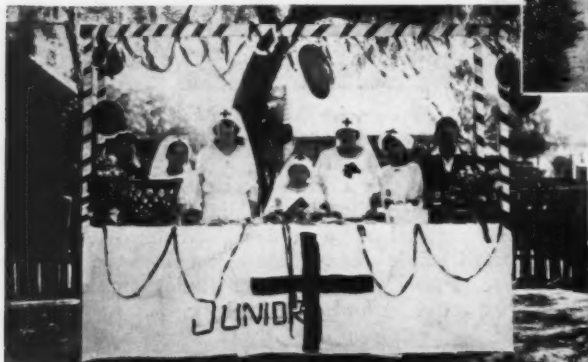
THE pupils of the Rafael Balseiro Maceria School, of Barceloneta, Porto Rico, sent a handsome portfolio to the Douglas School, Maryville, Missouri. The book begins with "Old Glory," which the Porto Rican Juniors remind their friends is their flag, too, and has compositions explaining the pictures and many fine examples of school work.

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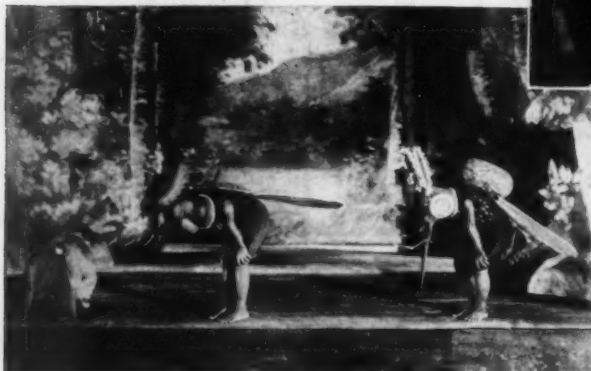
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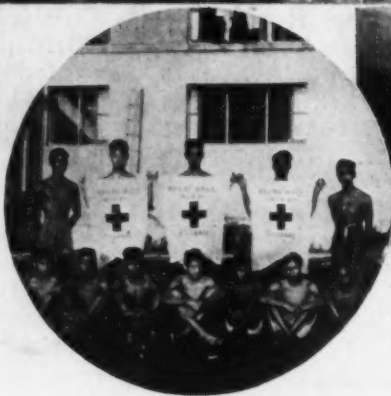
The Junior Red Cross flag flies over most of the continent of Australia now. The Junior Circle of the Parker Intermediate High School cleared £20 from their open-air sale (below). Besides bazaars and carnivals the Australian Juniors have been busy with gardening, have sent gifts of eggs and fruit and money to hospitals and children's homes and have contributed to the general Red Cross Fund



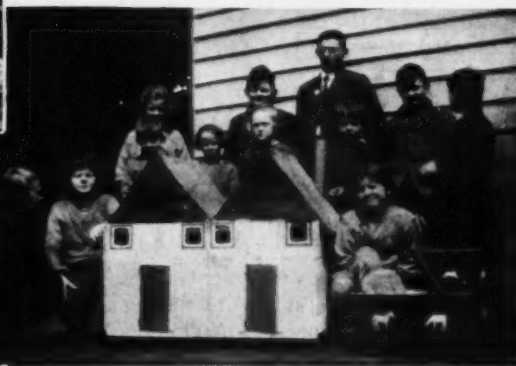
Rat, Fly, and Mosquito, the three health menaces, were the principal characters in a health playlet which the Juniors of the Rajini Girls' School of Bangkok, Siam, gave in honor of Judge Payne when he visited there last January. Afterwards the Siamese Juniors served tea. This was done kneeling, as there were members of the Royal Family present



In the Philippines the Juniors have a great variety of interests. One of their main activities, as you know, is the dental work for rural schools which they support; another is an anti-mosquito campaign. These boys (right) took part in a swimming competition which was organized by the Junior Red Cross



Japanese Juniors carry on many enterprises for the public good. Here we see one group working away to make the highways clean and neat. This is very warm work and so, in order to do it with less discomfort to themselves and less inconvenience to the public, the Juniors sometimes get up at dawn



Members of the Waione, New Zealand, Junior Red Cross Circle, with the doll's house and cradle which they made from benzine box boards. The older boys made the house, the girls papered it and the boys made carton furniture for it. The animals on the cradle were drawn by the girls, and painted by the boys



Patients in the Junior Red Cross Hospital in Regina, Saskatchewan, at their morning lessons. In Calgary, Alberta, as well as in Regina, the Canadian Juniors maintain a small hospital for handicapped children. The railroad fare of the patients is paid by the Juniors and visiting committees of Juniors bring them scrapbooks and toys

